Did you find out anything about twilight sleep?

Hogarth.

Saturday.

Dearest,

I am sure you would like a little gossip from me this morning; & perhaps take to your old dried pen in response. I suppose I gave you a new one? What I really want to know is how your domestic affairs are turning out? I suppose the cook has now come. I'm sure that I could find you not only a cook but a nurse, if she doesn't do; so please tell me & let me set my wits to work. I expect the tide is already setting back to service again. A few things give me a greater sense of being a fashionable woman, than going to Registry offices, & talking about 'my sister has a governess & two small boys". I feel at once like other mature women, which as you know is the ambition of my life, on the road to reality or whatever one may call it. As for my domestics, they are now unfortunately, groveling at our feet; Lottie & Leonard fight each other about their bad tempers, & of course its all very expensive & not really to my taste so nice as being with Mrs. Geall at Atcham, & apt for the comfort.

Did I tell you how I had a visit from Herbert Fisher last Sunday? I was sitting alone at

tea, very shabby, & the servants out when the bell rang, & I opened the door thinking to find the milkman & found Herbert & Cline & Michael Streeltine! Happily the Streeltines disappeared & I had about 2 hours tête a tête with Herbert. He has become rather like one of those wise old Map days whose eyes have become slightly pale, but he is much less supercilious than he was at Oxford. He had just seen Lord Milner who said that we had won the war that day & we shall have peace by Christmas: Apparently the French are sticking out for the evacuation of Alsace-Lorraine before they will agree to an armistice; but according to Lord Milner the Germans are so sensible that they see that it is best now to accept any terms & fight no more. NYPL But I suppose you have heard all this from Maynard. Herbert was surprisingly sensible - perhaps because he knew our opinions - about war in general: however, he believes in public schools, & said you'd better send Julian & Quentin to Winchester where they get the best education in the world. Then we had old Ka to dinner. Will is once more in hospital — this time with water on the knee — from what you & Duncan will doubtless draw your own conclusions. Cline & Many whom I floundered in upon at Gordon Sqre are of opinion that some

Mean to

enlargement of his pants is necessary, though I dont believe they'd consent to undertake that at a naval hospital, & anyhow he doesn't mean to have a family until they're settled in the country. They are going to live on the top of one of the Wiltshire downs, so that Will can see nothing but the sky, which is the only thing he likes to paint though a certain amount of green is admitted very low down on the edge of the canvas. She said that his pictures — which are the passion of his life — are very old fashioned, but very remarkable. Which is of course very satisfactory, & she also wants to see about as bad as it can be. has to make out that he is very wild & mad — He is heir to an estate & a large income; but he has given it all up to his younger brother — so you can judge exactly the sort of pictures he must paint & in fact all about him. We're going to dine with them, so I'll let you know more, of the subject interests you. Unfortunately I've got my affairs — can't go to a large family tea party which he's sister is giving at Hartley St today — though it would give me infinite pleasure. Then we had Sayon. Everybody, of course, has entirely failed to see what I saw at the first glance; he is happier than he has ever been in his life. After a short

Conversation I saw that Mr Stagg is far more to
him than Barbara, & then he has got a complete
or almost complete set of gold teeth. This is
one of the great interests of his life. He takes
them out & hands them round, & explains exactly
which of the teeth are useful, which ornamental
& at what points others will probably — not
certainly — have to be added in next year.
He has got through love, & has got down to the
solid foundations — Stagg & false teeth.
He is already talking of Bayreuth & whether
we shall have an opera next year — if so, will
Nikisch or Strauss conduct — then the singers —
& so on — Barbara was merely an interlude owing to
there being no opera. I have begun my
artistic education again. I went to see the
Rodins at the Albert museum. I didn't think
at all highly of them, apart from the literary
point of view, & even so they're not as good as
Epsteins. But I see I shall have to write a
novel entirely about carpets, old silver,
cut glass & furniture. The desire to
describe becomes almost a torment; & also
the covetousness to possess. I don't
think this has much to do with their artistic
value though. Please tell me what pictures
shows there are —

How are you, & the remarkable baby
upon whom all my future hopes for the
world may be said to rest?

Yr B

Have you cut the wood blocks? Would you send them? We
hope to begin next week. We have a chance of another press.

NYPL

1918

Hogarth,

Monday,

Dearest,

Nothing would please me better than a letter every day in your roughly eloquent style. Even the handwriting has the quality of a great sheep dog paw — a sheep dog which has been trotting sagaciously through the mud after its lambs all day long. But to business. I haven't been able to take a proof of the caterpillar yet; but I will in a day or two, & send you one. Here is another of the women, which I think comes out much more clearly. What we want to suggest is that you should now do a full page woodcut for the cover — anything I assume that you like, without reference to the story. Would it be possible to cut the words Virginia Woolf. somewhere in the Kew Gardens. design? We had a notion that if you would do this we could get a wood cutter later to cut out the writing, & use the design, with another title, for further stories. If you did this, would you remember to cut the letter as clearly as possible. I enclose a sheet of paper to show you the exact size of the cover. Rogers coloured papers are very nice, but do their best would have to fold them over something else; & I'd much rather

have a design by you — believing that your designs will be a tremendous draw. There now remains the question of what is fair to do about payment. We think of printing 150 copies, & don't want to charge more than 1/ each; if all are sold that makes £7-10. Would you rather have a commission on the sale, or a sum down; & have you any idea what how to arrange it? I suppose the blocks themselves are rather expensive. Then we thought of putting on our notice that copies of the woodcuts are to be had separately — say at 6d each; by which means we might sell some more. The shilling is very the pictures, but they would be short that we can easily reprint, & We want to keep our prices as low as we can. Eliot has sent us some of his poems, which we are sorry to print as soon as Kew Garden is done. Then Duffus we shall do Carring'ton, & perhaps a thing by Murry; & since them all at the same time. I've just started another story, which may never be finished, or may go wrong; so I don't it's worth your while to do a design, though if it comes off, I hope you might do a picture for it — in fact I mean to retain your services for all my works. The story begins with two young men sitting on a beach under the skeleton of an old pilchard boat. One young man is throwing stones into the sea; the other is burrowing a hole in the sand. The beach is a long semi circular one, & they are quite near the sea. (as of course they must be to throw stones into it.)

I don't see much force in Mr. B's. arguments

against Atcham. If you would let me know in time, but I feel who is to be depended on, would have fires burning in readiness & there's absolutely no reason, from our point of view, why they shouldn't stay a week. They could have hot baths when they arrived if they got wet. I should prefer the variety of a daughter. how I should adore her! — but why talk of it? — the abundance of Judiths makes another boy inevitable: & I owe so far you've produced nothing unseemly: it's the possibilities of womanhood derived from you that I dream of.

Nick has just rung up to say how lonely Babbacombe is, & will I go & see her — upon some desolate promontory near Primrose Hill; which I suppose I must do; & also have Nick himself to dinner. Two nights ago we had Saxon. He told us he did not wish to live, & had decided the exact day in which he knew he would die; but when the day came, though he remembered it the morning, he forgot all about it afterwards, & so suppose that his foreboding meant nothing. He rang me up later, to say that it was chiefly the rheumatism that made him dismal, but he had no absolute desire for death since the pain in his head went; & rheumatism was to be expected in November. I still think there's some truth in my diagnosis: the cold teeth & brass stags do count for a good deal; also the opera's coming in February.

Roger & I had a frogs chorus such as you might have heard at Charleton; but you'd only have asked Duncan to shut the window if you had.

"Yes, she's the most remarkable human being I've ever known in my life" was the theme of it. You can imagine the dismal croaks — how we loved & sang & despaired. I rather suspect that a very grave

miscarriage of emotion, portending terrific developments or sensational kind, has happened. I got a letter from Roger this morning, no doubt containing our rhapsody a despair; but when I opened it, it began "My dear Marie, Do come to lunch on Wednesday &c &c." Marie must have got mine. I rang up the Omega, & the Omega says this Marie Beerbohm; I have written to Marie Beerbohm, begging her to read no further if her letter begins My dear Virginia - As we said last night, my whole happiness depends upon Vanessa &c &c" But Marie will read further. What a act! What a let! We had Eliot, I may tell you, one of Mary's friends; & when it came to mentioning Hammersmith I said Ealing on purpose, sacrificing veracity, even sense, to spare the altar of Mary's susceptibilities: Mary, you dear lives, or once lived at Hammersmith; I suppose I had'nt Eliot to 2 think & therefore repeat that I loathed Hammersmith. (This is now one of my favourite jokes.) NYPL Eliot, I may add, said that he greatly admired your painting, & thought it superior even to Duncans! And yesterday I went to the London Group; couldn't bear Allinson, or the lady whose name I cant remember, I like the witty Mdlle Lenore; & Ethel Sands has two commendable pieces, until you see that she can do nothing different; Nevinson has a piece of wall paper upstairs & one hat - to me very depressing; each different, like 3 eggs out of a hat - & yet not two; why are purely conjuring tricks; Nina Hamnet does mops; why are Gen artists so repetitious; does the eye for months together see nothing but mops? Gertler certainly dominates his wall; a rather impresses me; I believe Roger has taken a turn. Who d'you think I met at Charing X? George Booth! We had an affectionate conversation. Mrs Booth has 22 grandchildren, the prefer on the whole to live alone." but we are all near her.

Yr B.

HAMILL 6/1/66

TELEPHONE:
RICHMOND 496

HOGARTH HOUSE,
PARADISE ROAD,
RICHMOND,
SURREY.

2 Jan 1919

I wrote to Lily to day - said yes mid-June at £75 a year - we are only in the country for spring & summer. liberal outings, no waiting very free -

Jan 2 1919

Dearest,

I wrote to Lily this morning. I have just had an answer to say she will come as cook. She has been both cook & house parlour maid & is Nelly's niece. I will write to the other one in the munitions works, but she must get looking for a place, & may stay on. there.

Children perfectly well. Pat just had a tooth cut to cut some scrawl. I will write again. Love B.

2 left because the work was too hard.